

SATURDAY NIGHT

SPRING LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

HAROLD F. SUTTON, EDITOR

TORONTO, CANADA, APRIL 17, 1937

Where From Here?

BY B. K. SANDWELL

"Forward From Liberalism," by Stephen Spender. Toronto, Ryerson, \$2.

MR. SPENDER is a distinguished poet and critic, an idealist, and one who would in 1850 have been entirely satisfied with the creed of nineteenth century Liberalism, except that Mr. Gladstone's religiosity might have caused him some annoyance. In 1937 he finds no gospel to succeed the Liberalism (which has gone bankrupt) except that of Communism. His effort to convince himself that Communism is a satisfactory gospel is not nearly so successful—or at any rate is not nearly so convincing to others—as his criticism of the existing Rightist parties. He thinks much more highly of present-day Russia than the evidence justifies. "How is it," he asks, commenting upon Russia's cultural progress, "that in Russia such literature as in England is read at the outside by a clique of 10,000, and more often by less than 3,000 readers, is issued in editions running into millions? How is it that at certain moments, as when the Blum Government first came into office, or in Spain after the spring election of 1936, the majority of people was capable of spontaneously approving and comprehending an important political decision?" This is altogether too naive. Presumably Mr. Spender had not had the advantage, when he wrote, of reading André Gide's account of his 1936 visit to the land of the Soviets, with its biting irony about the complete inability of any portion of the Russian population to make up its mind about any current issue (the Spanish situation is specifically quoted) until it has received the *mot d'ordre* from the party headquarters in Moscow. It is not difficult to get a book read in millions, if you have a docile people, a Government printing press, and a *mot d'ordre* to tell the people what they are expected to read. And it does not prove very much about their intellectual calibre.

GRANTED that the classless society is the proper object for present-day Liberal enthusiasm, the rest of Mr. Spender's case follows fairly easily; but as usual the main assumption has to be taken as revealed rather than proved. His criticism of recent tendencies in British politics is effective and indeed almost devastating. "The capitalist oligarchy encourages the illusion that power to demand freedom is freedom, just as the ability to seek a job is a livelihood, and the power to vote once every few years is democracy." The successes at the polls of the "National" Government "have not resembled elections in the democratic sense so much as elections which are referenda for a Nazi Reichstag." The first of them was won by a blackmailing threat that nothing else would save the currency from becoming valueless, the second by a threat that the country would be left defenceless in the face of an unprecedented international crisis. A permanent fund of two or three million unemployed gives the capitalist state a means of bargaining with the workers by a tacit threat. The British press does not reflect opinion.

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THE CROWN OF ENGLAND

St. Edward's Crown, copied in the time of Charles II from the ancient Crown worn by Edward the Confessor, is the Crown of England and is the Crown with which all our monarchs since that time have been crowned.

1880 to the Present

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

"The Years," by Virginia Woolf. Longmans, Green, \$2.50.

BUT it is a mistake, this extreme precision, this orderly and military progress, a convenience, a lie. There is always, deep below it, even when we arrive punctually at the appointed item with our white waistcoats and polite formalities, a rushing stream of broken dreams, nursery rhymes, street cries, half-finished sentences and sights, elm trees, willow trees, gardeners sweeping, women writing—that rise and sink, even as we hand a lady down to dinner. "The Waves."

In "The Years," as in "The Waves," Virginia Woolf has set herself to resolving the profound complexity, the stubborn continuity of human life. The form here, however, is more familiar, the treatment more lucid, than in her earlier work. Mrs. Woolf has again a group of children as her characters, and has carried them forward through half a century of life in England. But this time she has reasserted herself as recorder and interpreter and has given us the external world of her characters; the world of forces and ideas, the concrete world of houses, furnishings, the small remembered objects of childhood, with almost the precision of inventory. The broken dreams, the nursery rhymes, the blue flower at the corner of a portrait, the spotted mirror from Italy, war, passion, politics—everything, minute and

overwhelming is retained and becomes part of the inextricable pattern of individual life.

The novel opens in the 1880's and brings us up to the present day, following the history of the Pargiter family, its connections and descendants. Outwardly the story proceeds chronologically, but throughout one is made to feel that the orderly passage of time is illusory, that childhood, maturity and old age emerge as a single design. Experience simply encloses a central being as the rings enclose the core of a tree. Everything is inexorably retained and unified.

Mrs. Woolf's prose is as beautiful as ever, serene and elegant, concise yet explicit, filled with that arresting imagery that creates the familiar world afresh. Nothing can remain commonplace that is played upon by the light of her imagination and insight. Yet when one closes "The Years" the pictures fade, the light dies, scarcely a figure of all the great Pargiter connection stands out in memory sharply separated and clear.

It may simply be that the British upper middle class has sat so often for its portrait in the last quarter century that even as gifted an artist as Virginia Woolf cannot find anything new and significant to add to the picture. In fifty years, in a dozen sagas it remains unchanged. A German bomb sends an English dinner party to the wine cellar, without shaking a

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King and Ex-King

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

"Salute the King," by Arthur Mee. 184 pages, copiously illustrated. Musson, \$1.00.

"Our King and Queen," Anonymous. 264 pages, copiously illustrated. Ryerson, \$1.50.

"King Edward VIII," by Hector Bolitho. 395 pages, illustrated. Musson, \$3.50.

"Seven Heirs Apparent," by Sir George Arthur. 292 pages, illustrated. Nelson, \$3.75.

THIRTY years ago there were many men and women of seventy-old who were proud to say that they had lived under three monarchs. Today infants just learning to talk can make the same boast. The year 1936 will be memorable in history because during its duration three Kings reigned in Great Britain. This, without civil war or bloodshed, and nothing more serious than a temporary disturbance in commercial plans and official routine. It was natural that such a series of events together with the approaching Coronation should be attended by a flood of books.

Mr. Mee's book, though brief, is a capital performance, especially for young people. It relates all the salient points in the career of that very modest, industrious and sincere young man, the present monarch; and also presents an engaging picture of his Queen, Elizabeth. So much was Prince George overshadowed until last December by the glamour of his elder brother that few realized how full and useful a life he had lived. His kinship with George V in temperament and tastes is obvious throughout the narrative. Mr. Mee also does admirable service in explaining for less informed readers just what the Crown, the Flag and the Empire mean to millions of people.

"Our King and Queen" is more abundant in detail and begins with an exhaustive account of the girlhood of Queen Elizabeth. The chapter on her home, Glamis Castle, the oldest inhabited abode of importance in Great Britain, is singularly interesting, and we learn that it was mainly the presence of mind of Elizabeth, then 16 years old, which saved it from destruction by fire 20 years ago. Some readers will find amusement in the ingenious remark "the name Glamis is mentioned by Shakespeare." Obviously Macbeth is in bad odor. The detailed narratives of King George's war service, his social service, imperial journeys and home life should satisfy everyone's respect and confidence.

THE most interesting of the above named volumes, and one of sad import, is Bolitho's life of Edward VIII. It is the story of a man, destined to become the first citizen of the world, once the most lovable of princes, who lost nearly everything worth having through a defect in personal character. The author's opportunities for obtaining first-hand information are unquestionable. Some years ago he was in Canada as Secretary of the Dean of Windsor, and at that time was an intimate of Windsor Castle with access to its archives. He told me that he worked daily on the table where the bearded body of Charles I had lain on the night after his execution, awaiting

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Pioneer Feminist

BY MARGARET LAWRENCE

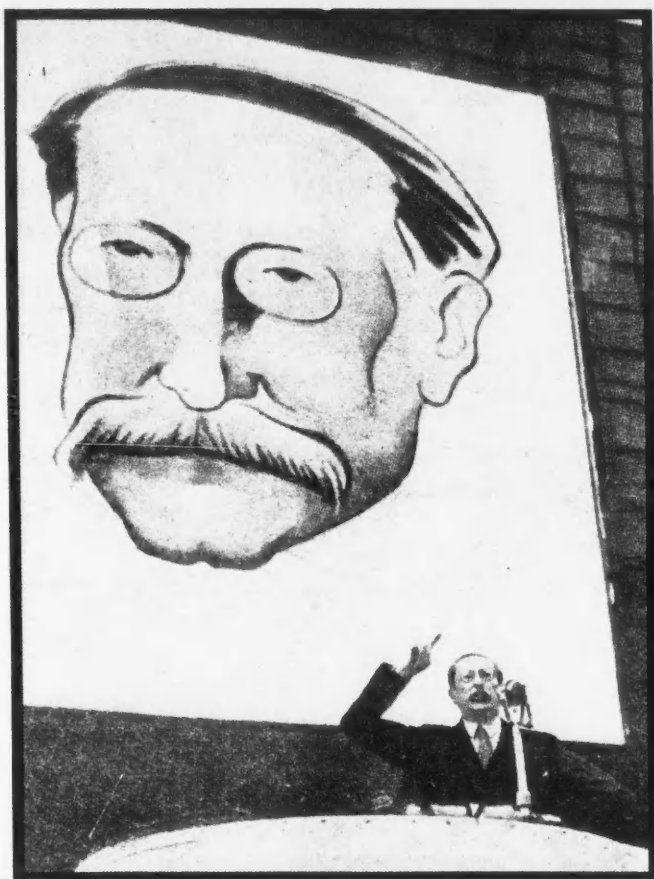
"This Shining Woman," by George R. Preedy, Collins, \$3.50.

LOVE is such a pity. If there be anyone who has any doubt about this, the life of Mary Wollstonecraft as written by George R. Preedy will be convincing. Love is particularly a pity when it strikes a leader in society because love has an uncomfortable way of not striking in the most judicious way. No wonder the ancients personified love as a naughty boy with a fine taste for irony. That boy must have hugged himself when Mary Wollstonecraft fell in love. For she was the lady who started the feminist movement in England back now one hundred and fifty years or so ago by writing a book about the wrongs of women. Women she said were not made for men; they were made for themselves and their place in society. A woman to be happy, she preached, must be educated as a man was educated, and even a little better, because upon her fitness depended the welfare of the race. It was wrong, she maintained, to prepare a woman for a pleasant small harem, when there was a whole big world outside and a world which could very well do with some of the brains lying idle through lack of cultivation and through frustration inside feminine skulls. She believed that it was just possible the rumored millennium might dawn when women were equal with men in the sight of the law and economically. Then, it was quite likely, all the painful emotional life would become peaceful. Her book was a sensation in its time. She was a brazen witch or she was a courageous saint, it depended upon the individual point of view which in turn depended upon individual circumstance. She was a prophetic thinker or she was a ranting prig depending again upon the experience of the reader. Mary Wollstonecraft herself, as this biographer calls her, was a shining woman. So, she was a mark for the little laughing god and in due time fell in love with a gentleman called Gilbert Imlay.

The story of this love is contained in all the possible fullness in Mr. Preedy's biography. It is not as full as it might be for the reason that try as they may historians can find very little actual data upon Mr. Imlay outside of Mary's letters to him. These he was shrewd enough to have kept and obliging enough to history to have turned over to William Godwin whom Mary married after Imlay was through with her. All this is saying that history knows Gilbert Imlay only slantingly through Mary's letters to him, and through his obvious lack of what is known as a gentleman's code in the matter of a lady's letters. He, however, must not be judged too harshly, because after all he would not have been in history at all, had he not turned these letters over. In addition to this Mary Wollstonecraft would not have been in history just as she is, as a woman to challenge psychological thinkers a century and more after she was dead, as she challenged sociological thinkers during her life time.

THE biography which is ably put together and vividly written, is a study of that absorbing question of love in women. Is it, or is it not all that matters after all to a woman? And if so, is it not more important to teach women all that pertains to love and its art and its philosophy, than to teach women to contend with men in learning and in business. There is a definite school of opinion supporting this theory of femininity, but against it there is opinion coming from a veritable army of women in whom there is a mental content, not entirely feminine and which for want of a better word is still called masculine. That is, the most modern thinking has reached the tentative conclusion

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LEON BLUM

Addressing a political meeting in front of a giant portrait of his features.

Premier Léon Blum

BY G. DET. GLAZEBROOK

"Léon Blum: Poet to Premier," by Richard L. Stokes. Longmans, Green, \$3.30.

MR. STOKES is an American journalist, who, when working in France, found to his surprise that very little information of any kind concerning M. Blum was to be found in print, and in particular that no biography existed. He therefore wrote this book, for which he makes the modest claim that it may serve as a stop-gap until a more definitive work appears. Since most of us probably have little knowledge of M. Blum's background, we will welcome any account of one of the most important figures of the present day.

We find that Léon Blum was the son of a silk merchant; that he and one of his brothers inherited the business of Blum Frères; but that the depression proved fatal to what had been considerable profits. Throughout his early manhood we find little about Léon Blum that would suggest any unusual political capacity, or, indeed, any extraordinary capacity of any kind. He had skill in writing both poetry and prose, and contributed a number of books, poems, and articles. Throughout these there appears an interest in social problems and in social reform, but there is no sense of burning zeal for a cause. In the 'nineties he first came to know Jaurès, and in 1904 he was associated with him in the new socialist daily, *L'Humanité*. But while Jaurès had a lasting influence on him, Blum appeared in the columns of the paper only as a critic of letters and the theatre. One feels that his socialism was still not altogether convincing, that he remained the dilettante.

According to Mr. Stokes, it was the murder of Jaurès at the beginning of the war that led Blum to "March forth into the sunrise wearing the aureole of an indomitable vow," and to return "from nine years among the fleshpots of literary egotism." From then he became an active member of the Socialist party, and seems to have devoted his time and energy to it. He did not quite follow in the steps of Jaurès by disassociating himself with the war, but he vigorously opposed bolshevism and clung to the Second International. In 1919 he was for the first time elected to the Chamber of Deputies. In 1924 he became leader of the Socialist party, and increasingly a power as the party increased its representation. Then came the Stavisky scandal, which gave power to the Socialists at the expense of the Radical-Socialists, and, later, the attacks of the Fascists which threw these two parties, together with the Communists, into the Popular Front. In 1936 Léon Blum, Socialist and Jew, became Prime Minister of France in an administration that has yet to suffer the fate of its predecessors.

Mr. Stokes has certainly succeeded in his purpose of filling a gap in general knowledge by putting together the facts of Blum's life. One might wish that he had gone a little further below the surface than he does in explaining the forces with which Blum has been concerned. The account of French politics in the period, while useful, is rather superficial; and in particular the chapter on the Dreyfus affair fails to reveal the real meaning and significance of that extraordinary phenomenon which a French historian has called "la révolution Dreyfusienne." There is all too little on Blum's policies as Prime Minister, and almost nothing on foreign affairs, either in explanation of the situation which he inherited or of the policy which he adopted. Granted that no definitive biography can be written at least until the subject has finished his career, it should have been possible to write with more stress on the issues, and—it may be added—in less hectic language.

"Mr. Brown, these are very small oysters you are selling me."

"Yes ma'm."

"They don't appear to be very fresh, either."

"Then it's lucky they're small, ain't it?"—U. S. Coast Guard.

Country of Next Years

BY NATHANIEL A. BROWN

"With the West in Her Eyes," by Kathleen Redman Strange, McLeod, \$2.75.

"WITH the West in Her Eyes" is the widely heralded winner of the Canadian Book Contest Prize of \$1,000, and now that we have read it carefully we dare pass the opinion that the judges of this contest were an able group of critics. In this book they chose a curiously personal autobiography which is unlike anything that we have read in a long time. It tells not only the story of the modern Western pioneer of post-war days, but it is also remarkable for the portrait of two most unusual people, a portrait which is all the more vivid because the writer did not deliberately draw it. The subjects of this portrait are the authoress herself, and her husband, Major H. G. L. Strange, World's Wheat Prize Winner, one-time scientist-farmer of

Fenn, Alberta, and now agricultural specialist with the Searle Grain Company of Winnipeg.

When the Great War ended, Major Strange, then in his middle thirties, left England with his attractive young bride intending to resume peace-time life as he had left it in the Hawaiian Islands. But Fate intervened, and in depriving Hawaii of the Stranges gave something remarkable to the Canadian West. Advised by physicians that he was unfit any longer for life in the Tropics, the ex-British Army officer and engineer decided on wheat-raising in Alberta. He and his wife, who was wearing the latest in chic urban finery, stepped off the train at the flag station of Fenn one hot day in July, 1920. Ten years later they left, for Harry, as he is familiarly called throughout the book, was to take up an important position as agricultural adviser with one of the largest grain companies in the West. Kathleen Strange's book is the story of that hectic decade in which the Stranges made agricultural history in Canada. And it makes excellent reading, not because of any deliberately fine literary "style" or any stark Grovian realism or any colorful romancing of it, but because of the natural gusto and forthright human sincerity which are common to the author and her book.

Kathleen Strange likes people, she loves life, she has an unbounded courage and faith in what life may offer "next year"; she also possesses an unflinching sense of humor and an illimitable sympathy for people of every type but the shiftless, cruel and narrow; indeed, her own personality, one that suggests tireless human energy and spontaneous honesty, shines through all the pages of the book with a warm unconscious light; she never hesitates to show herself in ridiculous circumstances, sometimes of her own creation, for she has the power to laugh at herself and weep with others when that is necessary. A good deal of the blood and sweat and tears that make

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KATHLEEN REDMAN STRANGE

The Problem of Relief

BY GEORGE W. McCracken

"They Shall Not Want," by Maxine Davis. Macmillan, 418 pages. \$2.50.

SO LONG as it does not turn into a Fascist organization (and we are sure, if Hon. Ernest Lapointe has anything to do with it, that it will not), we are heartily in favor of Mr. Lapointe's suggestion in the House of Commons for a citizens' league to preserve democracy in Canada by educational means. And when the league is organized, we cannot too strongly urge that Miss Davis' book be listed as recommended reading for all members. It is an exceedingly competent, popularly-written description of British, American and Swedish methods of handling unemployment relief. For the descriptive record of what has been done, and how it has been done in the United States, Great Britain and Sweden, Miss Davis deserves considerable praise. It is probably the clearest, most concise, most human and most accurate non-technical document on the subject in existence. The unusual importance of the book, however, is the result of the author's efforts to lead her readers to a consideration of the problem which is probably the greatest facing the American and Canadian type of democracy, namely the relief hang-over, the failure of an almost complete business recovery to make more than a scarcely perceptible reduction in relief rolls.

Although it does not specifically discuss conditions in Canada, there are few sentences in the book that cannot have direct or indirect Canadian application. If anyone doubts that Canada has the same unemployment-relief-in-business-recovery problem as the United States, he need only recall a few of the news items coming out of Ottawa at about the same time Mr. Lapointe was making his excellent suggestion for an educational league to save democracy. These included the information that the business index was fluctuating between eight and ten points higher than a year ago; that the employment index was four points higher; that the number in the Dominion receiving relief of various kinds is 1,265,925, or 11.4 per cent. of the total population; and that the Federal Government is committed to contribute to direct relief and relief works during the present fiscal year the sum of \$52,888,196, which is only two and a half millions less than its contribution last year. Incidentally it is worth remembering that the contribution of the Federal Government is only a fraction of the Canadian relief bill. If the opinions of a number of authorities are correct, and the democratic countries have already passed through the

"normal" stage of the new business cycle and are now in a mild boom period, then it is evident that democracy in this country has a problem of permanent relief on a scale that never existed after any previous depression. Furthermore, what smooth, efficient machinery is there, what intelligent plans have been made, to deal with another crash?

Miss Davis finds that England and Sweden have placed the unemployment problem on a permanent basis, while the United States, to apply a phrase that is usually reserved for England, is still "muddling through." The warning that will strike observant Canadians is that the Canadian system of relief more closely resembles that of the United States than it does the systems of either England or Sweden. Basing her conclusions on personal investigations in the three countries, Miss Davis suggests that the United States should place unemployment insurance on a national, not a state-federal, basis; that a planned public works program "evolving continuous and long-range planning" should be evolved, and financed on a partnership basis by state and federal Governments; that direct relief should be available for the employable only as a last resort; and that the entire system should be correlated through a nation-wide network of employment exchanges, on the British plan, and that it should be administered under Civil Service and kept out of politics.

New conclusions are probably less important than the stimulation to thought which she provides. As a Washington correspondent of much experience and considerable distinction, Miss Davis had the equipment to get at the significant facts and present them in a manner, which, while serious, anxious and sincere, is probably startling enough to rouse politicians and the public generally to a certain amount of action—if they are not too busy making money in the new boom.

NEVER AGAIN

"Straw Without Bricks: I Visit Soviet Russia," by E. M. Delafield. Macmillan, \$2.50.

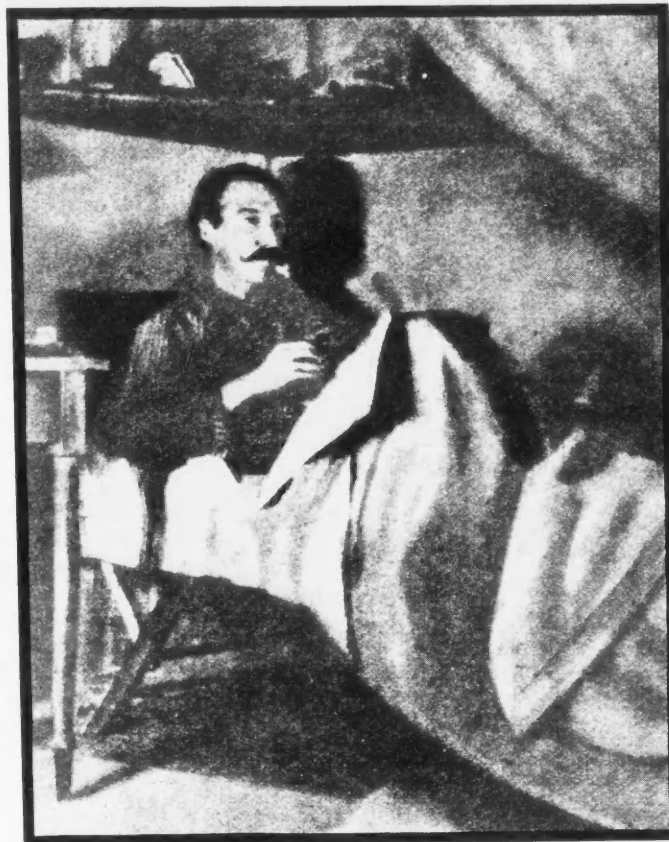
BY CYNTHIA BROWN

MISS DELAFIELD'S American publisher knew very well what he was about when he induced her to go to Russia and look for its funny side. He was counting on an observant eye that misses nothing, a sense of humor alive to all life's incongruities and an intelligence that works overtime. What he could scarcely have bargained for was an intensity of feeling that makes "Straw Without Bricks" one of the most withering criticisms of the Soviet experiment yet written.

To find Russia funny was neither Miss Delafield's intention nor hope, in spite of her publisher. Indeed the natural gloom induced by a commission to be funny on a given subject combined with the discomforts, bad food, worse manners and utter drabness she found in Russia, might well have produced a dirge. But serious as it is in spots, the Delafield high spirits were never in better form than in her latest book. It is delightfully funny.

Disclaiming any intention to furnish statistics, political information, facts or figures, the author describes what any inquiring visitor is allowed to see in Russia today and how it affected her. For the most part the reactions are entirely personal, wherein lies half their effect. Miss Delafield felt this and that and so would you and I, being to some extent, thank goodness, her sort of person. But occasionally the particular becomes the general and the tone deepens. "Russian Communism, taking it by and large, is probably an improvement on Russian Imperialism, and we must hold on to that. Otherwise, we shall be tempted to condemn it wholesale as a re-

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R.L.S. at Waikiki.

Personal and Confident

BY MARIE CHRISTIE

"This Life I've Loved," an autobiography by Isobel Field. Longmans, Green, \$3.50.

SOMEONE has said that a certain degree of naivete is a necessary qualification for writing an autobiography. The idea that one's personal adventures are sufficiently important to tell the world does seem to imply an almost childlike confidence in the world's interest.

It is this cheery confidence that lends Isobel Field's life story its quality as a book. Even trivialities presented with enthusiasm have value and the author counts on you to be just as interested in them as in her first hand accounts of the last years of her stepfather, Robert Louis Stevenson, which alone would recommend the book to many.

In studying the portrait of the author as a child, facing page 12, the remarkable resemblance to the frontispiece portrait as a woman of some three-score is immediately apparent. Vitality, good humor, and great self-assurance mark a face whose beauty is not altogether in the eye of the beholder, for the sitter has obviously looked on it objectively and found it good.

Little Belle Osbourne, who subsequently became Belle Morgan and is now Isobel Field, spent her early years in Western mining camps and her school days in San Francisco. Belle was a bright little girl, even at an early age disinclined to hide her light under a bushel. The writing here conveys an atmosphere and flavor of the past that is sharp, decided and most entertaining.

For reasons that had little to do with budding genius, one fears, when Belle was about thirteen Mrs. Osbourne and her daughter went to Belgium to study Art together, moving on to Paris to make charcoal drawings from plaster casts in Julian's atelier, where they both did very well. Their summers were spent in the picturesque little village of Grez and here they first met Robert Louis Stevenson Back in San Francisco, Mrs. Osbourne divorced her husband and Belle walked out one afternoon and married a young artist who is always referred to as

Joe Morgan. A commission to paint in Hawaii took them to Honolulu shortly after their son Austin was born, and there Mrs. Morgan became a belle of Hawaiian society under King Kalakaua.

The Hawaiian adventure is as fantastic as a fairy tale, with Belle designing a Coat-of-Arms, an Order, and a Flag for the King, teaching dancing, starring in theatrical performances, and painting modest masterpieces in water colors. In the meantime Mrs. Osbourne had married R.L.S. and the real motif of the book, for many readers, has begun.

In 1889 R.L.S. was apparently dying from active tuberculosis. To keep him alive his wife and he sought the South Seas and after an interval in which Belle lived in Sydney, she and her children joined the Stevensons in Samoa.

Stevenson, seen through his stepdaughter's eyes, is no less traceable and difficult on occasions than his other biographers have conveyed, but appears in a more attractive light as a host and a celebrity who took his fame with considerable grace and humor. How he began the tale that subsequently became "The Secret of Maletroit's Door," and one of the world's great short stories, is pleasant reading. The household at Vatilma was apparently a very happy one. Belle managed everyone and became Stevenson's happy amanuensis. Mrs. Stevenson wore arty clothes and built waterworks and a garden, and the expatriates became very patriotic Samoans. When R.L.S. died suddenly and almost painlessly at the height of his fame it was a national grief. The devotion he aroused in Isobel Field is not the least of his accolades.

"This life I've loved is like a Christmas tree,
Each day its branches bear new gifts for me,
All wrapped with love and tied with ribbons gay,
No wonder that my skies are seldom gray!"

Not great poetry, upon a fly leaf, but very characteristic of this light autobiography.

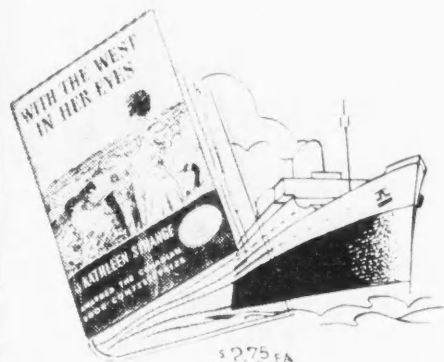


Drawing by Leo Manso for "Straw Without Bricks"

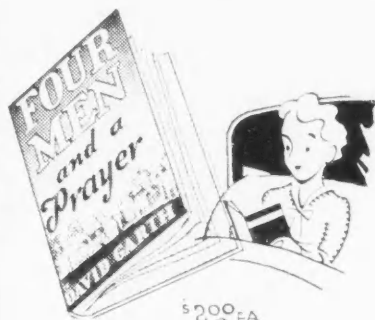
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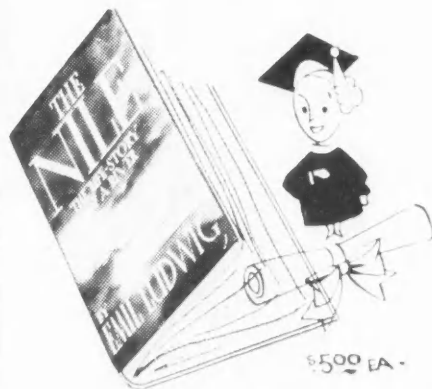
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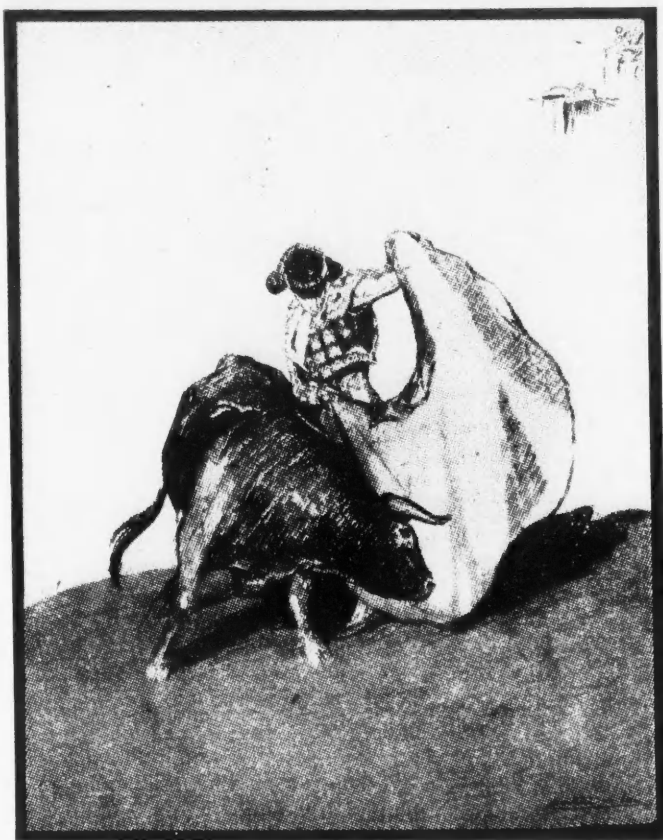
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An illustration from "Juan Belmonte: Killer of Bulls".

Aesthetic Blood Lust

BY G. M. GRANT SMITH

"Juan Belmonte: Killer of Bulls," the autobiography of a matador, translated and with an introduction by Leslie Charteris. Doubleday, Doran. \$4.00.

HERE is a tragedy. It is not a personal tragedy for it is the record of a life of achievement, a success story that follows the pattern of the best North American models. It is a story of youthful ambition realized by determination and endurance in a climb from mean and obscure poverty to wealth and fame. But it is a tragedy; the tragic summation of the idealism of a race.

Juan Belmonte is a bull fighter. He is considered by Spaniards the greatest surviving exponent of the sport. His autobiography is a life story told with naive simplicity and honest directness that make great reading. It tells what he thinks and feels about his work. Regardless of our attitude towards the bull fight, we are able to understand the impulse that drove him into his career.

Many of the phrases might have come out of the style book of a Hollywood press agent. "A popularity like this has its obligations" and "it was my consecration" have a familiar ring. But there is a passionate sincerity underlying the story which compensates for the inevitable bathos of the exhibitionist. For Belmonte would have fought and as a youth did fight bulls in country fields for the sheer joy and beauty of the experience.

But the book has more than a personal significance. It is an important clue to Spanish character. In his introduction Charteris defends bull fighting as an art. He claims an aesthetic justification for the slaughter that is not found in other blood sports, minimizes the suffering of the bull and suggests that, as the matador is frequently killed or seriously injured, it is more sporting than going after animals with guns or dogs.

I do not defend the blood sports. But hunters do have an experience of beauty as genuine and thrilling as any found in the bull ring. He may be right in stating that the bull suffers little. But that all misses the point of the essential evil of the sport.

I am not concerned about the bull or

its suffering or the risks of the matador. The serious aspect of bull fighting is the unhealthy social impulse towards violence and brutality that it reveals. It is one symptom of a condition that has made possible much of recent history in Spain.

The Anglo-Saxon who makes self-righteous comparisons between Spanish bull fighting and his own institutions is a hypocritical fool. Its place and meaning in the life of the Spanish people should draw our attention to less virulent but as potentially bad symptoms in our own life.

For the worst feature of cruelty of this sort is not the pain inflicted on the victim but the fact that its toleration brutalizes to some extent the whole community. A social impulse towards violence is an impulse towards communal self-destruction.

Charteris claims the emotion of the bull fight is spiritual and asks us to judge it like music or painting. But Belmonte drops a clearer hint regarding its appeal to the aficionados, or bull fight fans. He speaks of a loss of popularity by himself and his rival and friend, Joselito, and remarks, "The aficionados saw us filling the bullrings again and again and since neither of us was killed by a bull they began to think they were being cheated."

The aesthetic "emotion" of the bull fight is simply unsublimated blood lust!

TRIBUTES FROM THE FAMILY

"The Du Mauriers," by Daphne du Maurier, Ryerson, \$3.50.
"Memories of John Galsworthy," by his sister, M. E. Reynolds, Ryerson, \$1.50.

BY E. B. STURGIS

READERS of "Gerald" will pick up "The Du Mauriers," happily aware of the probable quality of the work. This second book, however, an account of the whole family from the time of Mary Anne Clarke, mistress in 1803 of the Duke of York and great-grandmother of the present author, should prove popular with readers outside the somewhat limited circle who knew the accomplished charm of her father's acting.

If the family is satisfied with its truth, outside readers will certainly appreciate the liveliness of this chronicle. As we scan the genealogical table at the end, we are reading the names of people whom we have come to know and are not likely soon to forget. "Kicky", George du Maurier, artist for *Punch* and author of "Tribby" and "Peter Ibbetson," was "the wisest of them, the kindest and the best," writes his grand-daughter, and his career is portrayed with particular sympathy. The early days of happy poverty in Paris give way to the drabness of young manhood spent in an enforced study of chemistry in London; on the death of his father Kicky is finally left free to return to France and take up the study of painting, but the halcyon months that follow are cruelly terminated when he loses the sight of one eye and takes miserable refuge in Malines, for a time in danger of total blindness. Gradually, on a return to London, where Jimmy Whistler was the friend with whom he first shared a studio, his métier as draughtsman and satirist becomes clear and at the age of twenty-nine he is firmly enough established to be able, with £200 in the bank, to marry the Emma Wightwick of his heart.

But Kicky does not make his appearance until a third or so of the way through the book, by which time we have been made familiar with his grandmother, outrageous in behavior and in speech, whose annuity from the Duke comprises the family fortune until he himself grows up; with his mother, the fallow Ellen, round-shouldered from long practice at her harp, disillusioned, sharp of tongue, and with that optimistic inventor, his father, Louis-Mathurin, in whom we first recognize the "du Maurier kind."

There is in this book a curiously felicitous co-ordination of matter and manner. A du Maurier writing of du Mauriers instinctively sets them before us in their own idiom. Episode and character develop easily, the style is light and unconcerned, marked by a fluency of adjectives; yet there is present a certain precision of artistry and casualness never becomes slipshod.

HIS sister's little book of "Memories of John Galsworthy" is unpretentious in everything except format. It reminds the reader of the easy circumstances of Galsworthy's life, of his natural "country squire" tastes and of his conscientious investigation into the social abuses which disturbed him. In the letters which form the second half of the book there are critical remarks of some interest to a reading of his work, and his own theory of life is made explicit, "so to live that you do everything with all your heart." It would be hard to find an attitude more fundamentally opposed to the artistic unselfconsciousness of the du Mauriers.

DREAMING GIRL

"April," by Vardis Fisher. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.00.

BY MORLEY CALLAGHAN

THERE has always been in Vardis Fisher's work some kind of an impediment that prevents the writing from flowing naturally. It has always seemed to be forced, but the boys in the front line critical trenches whose job it is to estimate the importance of the new talents that appear have fallen for it pretty heavily. That's because he writes with such great earnestness. He seems to be digging in. He wants to get at the tragic truth, and so he has his reward when people recognize these laudable qualities and feel that somehow the man must be awfully good.

But this tremendous earnestness in his tetralogy always put me off a little, and it was not that he didn't write simply or directly; it was the way he was churning around mentally and groping and striking a romantic attitude. You can get it in the quality of the titles he gave to those books: "In Tragic Life," "Passion Spins the Plot," "We Are Betrayed," and "No Villain Need Be." His material was always interesting, he dug into it, but it never seemed to flow naturally on its own terms because of what was going on in the author's own soul.

And this book, "April," a very short book, a lyric book about the romantic dreams of a homely young girl named June Weeg, living with her parents on their mountain ranch

in the Antelope country, a book which the author seems to have offered as a proof that he can do work of quite a different quality than he did in his tetralogy seems only to emphasize one of the particular weaknesses of talent. It is intended as a kind of an idyl, a book of dreams, of poetic feeling, of lyric sweeps of country, the soul of a dreaming girl in a rude community. But this lyric quality seems to be terribly deliberate, a use of all the regular props that produce lyricism, the stars at night, the shape of hills against the sky, girls who sit alone in the woods and dream, a heroine who undresses in the bushes and with a vine measures her waist, her thigh. It's all very good in its way, too, but somehow everything gradually becomes a bit unreal, and as more and more dreams flow from the mind of the girl she, too, tends to become unreal.

The fundamental weakness of this book is that short and all as it is, it is really far too long. It should have been a short story for this reason: all that the author in the way of insight into the soul of his girl gives is given in the first twenty pages of

the book; she lives in a world of cheap romantic fiction and finds it hard to get out of that world. You get the point, as I say, in the first twenty pages, and then the author makes it over and over again, without ever giving you any further insight into the girl, so that all that really grows is the world of cheap romantic fiction; sometimes you pinch yourself and wonder if the author, too, had got lost in it, because some of the descriptive passages have the same quality as the girl's dreams.

But underneath the writing about the girl and her golden dreams there is an extraordinary feeling for the people of the community. Fisher is very close to them and the writing about them is honest and they move and talk naturally. Sometimes his writing about them has quite a bite. He sees them often as comic characters. Their speech has a real tang. One has the feeling that if he wanted to he could write a very salty comic book about these people and their ways, and it would have an extraordinary native quality, and be almost a part of American folk lore.

It is the folk aspect of this present book that is so good, it is that part that is free from pretensions and seems to flow naturally out of the author's experience and native wisdom; it isn't at all drummed up like the dreams of the girl June, who wanted to be called April.

SOUND AND FURY

"Bandits in a Landscape: A Study of Romantic Painting from Caravaggio to Delacroix," by W. Gaunt. pp 192 and 40 plates. Mussion. \$3.50.

BY G. CAMPBELL McINNES

THE great masters of the Renaissance held in their perfection the elements of decay; and the disintegration which followed them spread gradually over Europe, eventually paralyzing great art till the latter half of the 19th century, and producing a school of violent escapist art, whose course Mr. Gaunt here chronicles. After the death of Rembrandt in 1669, comes a period, which, apart from solitary figures such as Watteau, Chardin (Continued on Page 11)

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The New Fiction

HARD-BOILED PATHOS

"Of Mice and Men," by John Steinbeck. McLeod, \$2.25.

BY J. L. CHARLESWORTH

GEORGE MILTON and Lennie Small, casual laborers, cherished a dream. "Some day," George explains, "we're gonna get the jack together and we're gonna have a little house and a couple of acres an' a cow and some pigs an' live off the fatta the lan'." Always together, they wander from ranch to ranch, finding jobs easily enough because of Lennie's great strength, losing them when his clouded mind gets them into trouble.

George, wiry and shrewd, sees clearly that there is no security for them in organized society. His dream of independence partly springs from the knowledge that a place of their own will be a haven for the half-witted giant whom he has spent his life in protecting. Lennie dreams of having rabbits to pet and feed.

From these simple elements the story is built to a startling climax—startling because it comes about so naturally and inevitably. Even without the hint given by the title, one realizes from the beginning of the book that George and Lennie must face the frustration of their dream. But not until the frustration is a fact does one see how every incident preceding it has contributed to the climax.

In these days of oversized novels, it is refreshing to discover that there is still a writer like John Steinbeck, who appreciates economy of words and directness of style. In a novel that is not much longer than a short story he has drawn sharp portraits of ten characters and presented a complete tragedy. He has done this without wasting a word, without sentimentalizing over the two hobos, the hard-boiled ranch hands and the slutish female who comprise his cast. The result is genuine pathos.

The book can be read in about two hours, but anyone who appreciates good writing will immediately reread it at least once. And then it will haunt the mind like a fragment of poetry or a phrase of music.

HOLLOW MAN

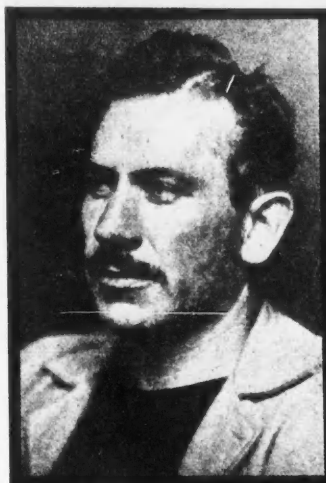
"Lucifer of Pine Lake," by Samuel Rogers. McClelland and Stewart, \$2.60.

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

MR. SAMUEL ROGER, author of "Lucifer of Pine Lake," has established his fallen angel in a small mid-western university, a world undistinguished by wealth, elegance or great literacy on the one hand, or damned by coarseness, poverty or crudity on the other; a half-world. Such communities rarely breed men of more than mortal goodness or evil, and Hugh Trowbridge, though corrupted by egotism and pride, was still well within the human scale. It was perhaps a little excessive to make him the namesake, even the Pine Lake namesake, of the Presumptuous Angel.

But if the title is misleading, Hugh Trowbridge himself is disclosed with firmness, clarity and tragic significance in all his human substance. He is no shattering angel, but rather a recognizable figure of our own period and society, living without charity or faith and finally without hope. It is his limitations and wilfulness, rather than any great power of evil in his own nature, that destroy him in the end.

Hugh had been easily established as an instructor in the college where his father was one of the more impressive senior professors and where his mother imposed herself as the most socially significant of the faculty wives. His environment was pretentious, indulgent and secure. Through boyhood and early manhood he had developed an attitude that was affably condescending towards those about him, arrogant and self-deluding towards himself. "The thing to do is to keep always inside you, hard and sharp and burnished, the conviction of your untouched self, your own proud and unique destiny." Actually there was remarkably little inside Hugh Trowbridge—no intellectual passion, no moral conviction and just enough force



JOHN STEINBECK

of feeling to open a chink in his defences and disclose him for what he was, a hollow man.

The novel reveals him primarily in relation to his father and mother and to the two women who loved him, Jane his mistress and Maggie his wife. The angles of approach are widely divergent but Hugh Trowbridge himself is held firmly at the nexus of disclosure, with nothing falsified and nothing overlooked. In "Lucifer of Pine Lake" the author has created a living if limited world, in which people obey the rules, frequently petty but unfalteringly consistent of their own beings. It is a little society, but a true one. Academic, pretentious and middle-class, it is still subject to the tragedies of death and disillusion and it can still be shaken by the impact of universal despair. There are passages of extraordinary poignancy in "Lucifer of Pine Lake"—the chapter, for instance, which describes the death of Hugh's father in all its spiritual despair and physical ignominy, and the last chapter, when Hugh, faced with the death of Maggie, his estranged wife, finally recognizes his own presumptuous errors, the inner futility that is so faithful a reflection of the emptiness and terror of the world outside. There is no solution, then, but the solution of destruction.

"But in a year he thought suddenly, in a few years, no one knows when, Europe will be at war; the world will be at war. . . . He rose to his feet and, breathing hard, he stared around the bright hills. He felt that if by raising his hand he could give the signal for that war which might destroy the earth, he would do it with exultation."

"Lucifer of Pine Lake" is written with firmness and fluency, and with an underlying irony that rarely breaks the surface and never distorts the author's essential sincerity and seriousness. To say that it is essentially a readable novel—which it is—is not in any way to detract from its unusual quality of penetration and meaning.

THE LIMEWRIGHTS

"Young Robert," by George Albee. McClelland and Stewart, \$2.50.

BY EDWARD DIX

A SAGA in as many books as you pleased might have been one method of giving us the Limewright family of California. George Albee uses one book and gives us all—four generations of Limewrights in as complete a picture as one could wish for and in a beautifully told story. All bad men these Limewrights, bad and lovable, from old Bountiful Harvest Limewright, the pioneer who murdered an Irish Lord to marry his Lady, down through Angus and Conor and Dana, who wanted to dynamite the Los Angeles City Hall. The result of so much Limewright hellery was to produce in young Robert a genius—a poet who might have become a great poet if the Limewright blood and a shot in the back had not got him in the end.

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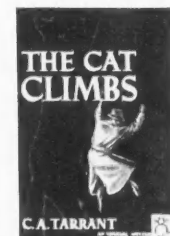
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Young Robert, his sister, and their friend who tells the story of Robert's strange and tragic life, grow up in the atmosphere of the waterfront and Chinatown of San Francisco. It is a delightful childhood and Albee's prose is at its best here in describing the city at about the turn of the century. They live through the earthquake—Robert, like a true Linemwright, quite nonchalantly—are separated for a time, find themselves reunited on a California ranch, and then Robert and his friend go on to university. It is while still an undergraduate, at the age of twenty, that Robert becomes involved in a labor riot and is shot and killed. The design of the book, slight though it may seem, is flexible enough not only to contain the entire family tree of the Linemwrights but much of the soil that it sprang from. Readers will enjoy Albee's second novel. The story is told in sensitive prose, full of life and color.

AMUSING SATIRE

"Coronation Summer," by Angela Thirkell. 196 pages, colored frontispiece, black and white reproductions. Oxford, \$2.50.

BY LADY WILLISON

MISS FANNY HARCOURT, later Mrs. Darnley, is the sparkling narrator of an account of Queen Victoria's Coronation, written by Mrs. Thirkell with an eye surely bent on the useful help one coronation may give another when it comes to selling current fiction. Fanny and her dearest friend, Emily Dacre, contrive to be taken up to London by Fanny's irascible father, Mr. Harcourt. They see the sights of the town and capture husbands, one for each of them, suitable parties at that. What more could the heart desire!

Those who have read and greatly admired Mrs. Thirkell's light novels, "High Rising," "Wild Strawberries," "The Demon in the House," should be prepared for a different manner in "Coronation Summer." Much hard work and historical research must have gone to the writing of this seeming trifle. It is a period piece, delightfully done. One can only conclude that the author is fond of spoofing, for she spoofs deftly and in a natural manner. The reviewer does not venture to say that historical facts can not be cited in support of Mrs. Thirkell's picture of Victorian times. But the historian's mirror has been slanted in such a direction that only what is ridiculous, pompous and ill-natured governs the scene. The tyrannical father, the roaring bad-tempered husband, the deceitful minx of a daughter, the catfish relations between one dearest female friend and another, are pictured for our amusement. At one point, however, credence must be refused. The unfortunate Mrs. Harcourt, Fanny's mother, is left down in the country too ill to come to town and dies before her family returns; she is regarded apparently with lofty indifference, and considered more of a nuisance than anything else.

Having written so much by way of dissent, one gladly acknowledges the fascination of "Coronation Summer." The reader is lured from page to page. "The Ingoldsby Legends" and "The Voyage of the Beagle" come in a single parcel of books to Mr. Darnley. Fanny and Emily almost fall to blows over the first reading of "The Ingoldsby Legends." They are devoted to Boz. In London they meet Mr. Tom Ingoldsby, Disraeli, the Hon. Mrs. Norton; they go to art exhibitions and to concerts;

they see Fanny Elsler; they are spectators at a boat race. Mr. Harcourt ruins himself at the gaming tables, but is picked up and brought home by Mr. Darnley. In the end, all the young ladies' wishes attained, their young Queen safely crowned, the family comes back to the country.

STRANGER THAN FICTION

"I Would Be Private," by Rose Macaulay. Musson, \$2.50.

BY MARIE CHRISTIE

THE miracle at Callander, like other miracles credited with a perfectly natural explanation may have lost in drama but has certainly gained in humour. It is obviously a great responsibility, probably a great honour, and certainly a great nuisance to have five children at one go, but it is still funny. If Mr. and Mrs. Dionne had been people of more imagination, or perhaps less integrity, they could surely have added to their legitimate profit many fees for advice, guidance, charms and spells to prospective parents. And once they had proved themselves clever they would have ceased to be a subject for humour. And we should have had no "I Would Be Private" from Miss Macaulay—which would have been a pity, for it's full of fun.

Miss Macaulay simply transfers the unusual occurrence at Callander to a London flat and opens her story with the reader's introduction to Ronald McBrown, a young Scottish policeman whose wife Win has just given birth to quintuplets. Ronald's feelings are not mixed. He thinks it is terrible, and so does Win when the anaesthetic has worn off sufficiently for her to be told of her achievement. Mrs. Grig, Ronald's mother-in-law prepares to handle the publicity and make a good thing out of it. Unfortunately she let Win see one of the thousands of letters that instantly began to pour in and the terse admonishment of Mr. George Barnes, taxi driver, crystallizes Win's worst opinion of herself. . . . "Women was never intended to have litters. . . . Beg to state that, in my opinion, you has overdone it. . . . Trusting this will not occur again. . . ."

How the young parents moved off with their offspring to seek seclusion on an island in the Caribbees and were finally beaten by the publicity racket, is excellent fooling. It isn't the first island Miss Macaulay has furnished, and the nursery doesn't spoil the decorations or take up too much room. There is a lad named Charles I found very companionable indeed, and Ronald and the Vicar's younger daughter are well worth meeting.

This is all as light as a lemon soufflé—but Miss Macaulay is always sharp and nourishing.

AMERICANA

"Gallows Hill," by Frances Winwar. Oxford, \$2.50.
"Buckskin Breeches," by Phil Stong. Farrar and Rinehart, \$2.50.

BY W. S. MILNE

HERE are two fine readable yarns with backgrounds of American history. The first, "Gallows Hill," is a tale of Salem during the days of Cotton Mather, when witchcraft hunts were in full swing, and the unsupported testimony of hysterical girls, sensation-seekers, and envious and malicious neighbors was enough to send innocent women to the scaffold. One accused of witchcraft was allowed no counsel at her trial. The dark and terrible scenes described here give one a comfortable feeling of superiority, and encourage one in the soothing belief that the world does progress and change for the better.

Miss Winwar is the author of the prize biography of the Rosettis, "Poor Splendid Wings," and something of the same painstaking search for facts is present also in this, her first novel. Indeed at times her fidelity to historical fact weakens the dramatic possibilities of her material, as in the escape of Mistress English and Mary Bishop from the Boston prison. It was made too easy. The tyranny of authenticity interfered with a proper midnight escape and hurried journey. This is a small matter, however, for the book as a whole is full of excitement enough, and gives a splendid portrayal of the colonists, with some very real characterizations, and not a

(Continued on Page 9)

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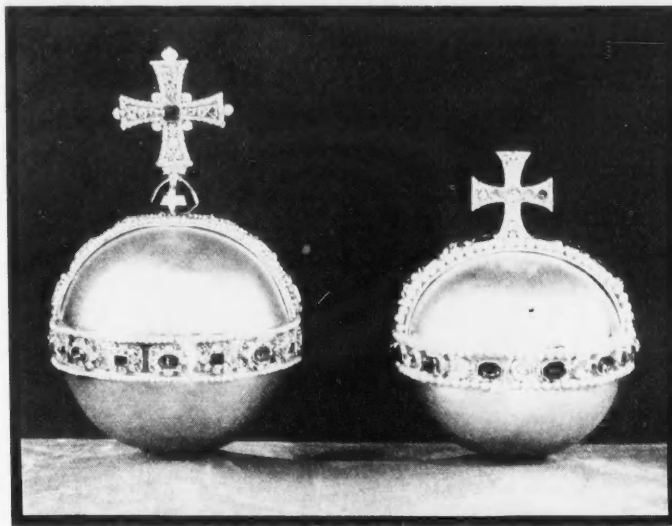
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with delicious humour by the author of *Told by an Idiot*. "A book you wouldn't

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MUSSON



THE ORBS. There are two orbs, one for the King and one for the Queen. The Queen's Orb owes its origin to Mary, wife of William of Orange, who insisted on a joint occupation of the Throne. The King's Orb is the larger and is of polished gold studded with large pearls, rubies, sapphires and emeralds. It is placed in the King's right hand immediately after he has put on the Royal Robe.

KING AND EX-KING

(Continued from Page 1)

ing interment in St. George's Chapel. His labors have borne fruit in "Albert the Good," a life of the Prince Consort, and other volumes of Victorian history. In the past he had close contacts with Edward as Prince of Wales and commenced to gather materials for this life eight years ago. The book was nearing completion when the tragedy occurred. He does not mince words in telling of the gradual decline in character of the best loved Prince England has known for centuries. There were symptoms during his travels when he would affront and even ignore hostesses in a manner that would have meant ostracism to any young man not similarly placed. His pursuit of frivolous diversions caused alarm in inner circles long before the Simpson episode; especially after rumors of the way he had disported himself in South America reached home. But throughout his earlier life his gentleness and consideration for personal associates and members of his family had been exceptional, almost emotional in character. It was terrible for his family, months before his father's Jubilee in 1935, to find this instinct withering. His nature seemed changed and he developed a pettiness hitherto foreign to his heart.

It is not difficult to guess the cause. He was dangling after a married woman, for whom he had developed an infatuation and who obviously had no serious interests beyond gratification of her whims, and triumph over the opposite sex. Such a situation does not make for an equable state of mind in any man, especially a Prince so flattered as Edward, who had always shown a tendency to follow his own courses. His father and mother when they found out the cause expostulated with him and their happy relations with him altered. The King brought in the Archbishop of Canterbury to talk to Edward with regard to his duties and the necessity of preparing himself for the vast responsibilities which must be his within a few years. On the night of the Jubilee even, he was not beside his parents. When the London throng clamored until Their Majesties appeared on the balcony of Buckingham Palace, and then called for the Prince, he did not appear. The mob did not know, but the King did know, where he was. The months that intervened between the Jubilee and His Majesty's death were embittered by the waywardness of the Heir Apparent. Even after that catastrophe, Edward did not remain at his mother's side, but hastened back to his friends at Fort Belvedere. He wounded her and affronted the Government by hastening forward the Royal funeral. Dismissal of old servants at Sandringham on grounds

of "economy" was a sad sequence. Obviously Mrs. Simpson came first! Mr. Bolitho ably summarizes the events of last autumn already familiar to the world. He points out that the trip to Wales took place after the Prime Minister had laid the issues before the new King. His promise that something would be done about unemployment was a light one. Edward was dealing off-hand with a problem that had baffled the statesmen of the world. The quickness of the British nations to grasp the realities of the situation, once apprised of it, and settle down to a new order commands high praise.

SIR GEORGE ARTHUR has also been an historian of the Royal family as well as official biographer of Lord Kitchener. His book deals with the seven scions of the House of Hanover who have held the title Prince of Wales. Especially valuable is his account of Prince Frederick, son of George II and father of George III, a much misused man, who by virtue of his liberal ideas might have changed English history in the 18th century when troubles in America arose. The book was completed before the abdication and the little sketch of Edward is now pathetic reading. Sir George was obviously unaware of the true state of affairs for he wrote: "There was a tendency at times to represent Edward Prince of Wales's disposition as a yearning for a retired, and largely irresponsible life; nothing could be wider of the truth." Sir George obviously thought he was writing for posterity! What are his feelings now?

CORONATION LORE

"A History of the Coronation," by W. J. Passingham. 300 pages, illustrated. Ryerson, \$1.75.

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

MR. PASSINGHAM'S highly erudite but readable book is not an advance history of the event on which the attention of the whole world will be focussed next month; but of the institution itself, from the earliest days of British monarchy. An immense amount of research has gone into it, lightened by historical anecdotes that make many of its pages vivid.

Though the Coronation ceremony is essentially spiritual in character, it is not surprising to learn that some of its usages were originally pagan, going back to Druidic times, and subsequently Christianized, as were the ancient seasonal feasts. While there are fairly complete records of all Coronations from that of William the Conqueror on Christmas Day, 1066, the modern ceremony is largely based on the Liber Regalis prepared by Abbot Litling-

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DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

★ DENT ★

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?

THE QUESTIONING MIND

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It is a book which should act as an aid to reflection, which is no more than to say that the author has tried to arouse "the questioning mind" in his readers. Try it and see.

★ DENT ★

No Contest—"Well, Sam, I see you're back for fighting with your wife. Liquor again?"

"No, sah, Jedge, she licked me dis time."—*The Earth Mover (Aurora, Ill.)*.

ton for the Coronation of King Richard II on July 16, 1377. Richard was but ten years of age and was the last British monarch to abdicate, prior to Edward VIII. But he had reigned 22 years instead of a few months. Edward seems to be an unfortunate name. The only other King of England who was not crowned was Edward V (1483), murdered in the Tower by his uncle, the usurper, Richard III.

At the outset Mr. Passingham devotes much attention to the Court of Claims which prior to every Coronation since the days of the Normans has sat to determine questions of precedence, allot responsibilities, and arrange ceremonial details according to circumstances. This Court was formerly presided over by a Lord High Steward, but is now in the hands of Commissioners. Some weeks ago Canadians learned from cable despatches that the Court of Claims was sitting, and in fact it began its sessions in 1936 when it was supposed that Edward VIII would be crowned. In 1377 John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, Lord Protector during the infancy of his nephew Richard, son of Edward the Black Prince, acted as Lord High Steward himself, and made some arbitrary decisions. One was that the Coronation service should be reformed, and the Liber Regalis was prepared at his direction. Though certain details have, in the course of the centuries, been discarded, next month's ceremony will in the main be that approved by John of Gaunt.

Perhaps the most remarkable illustration of continuity in the coming ceremony will be in the name of the bearer of the King's Standard, Dymoke. The office is a sequence of the old office of King's Champion. The King's Champion rode into Westminster Hall in full armor during the Coronation Banquet, and threw down his gauntlet in mortal challenge to anyone who disputed the right of the newly crowned monarch. William the Conqueror bestowed this honor on Marmion, Sir Walter Scott's hero, and his descendants. In 1377 John of Gaunt ruled out the claim of the Marmion family in favor of the Dymokes of Scrivelsby Manor. In every Coronation since a Dymoke has figured. The office was abolished after the Coronation of George III in 1761, and the Banquet after that of George IV in 1821, but the Dymokes were recognized in the office of King's Standard Bearer. In the Coronation of George V, 1911, Francis S. Dymoke, Esq., served. Prior to the Coronation of George III, the glory of the Dymokes had diminished and when the Lord of Scrivelsby Manor died his title went to a distant relative, an obscure London hatter. The latter was not qualified to ride in armor but his son took his place. His entrance was momentous because it was rumored that Bonnie Prince Charlie had come across the Channel and would pick up the gauntlet. This proved false and no trial by combat ensued.

Until that of George III in 1821 the most sumptuous of all Coronation spectacles was that of Richard II. It was ill-omened for a boy-Prince, the same age as the King, openly flouted his cousin. This was Henry of Bolingbroke, who 22 years later seized the throne as Henry IV. Mr. Passingham gives exciting details of several other Coronations.

The adventures of the Royal regalia have been extraordinary. Some followers of Cromwell, who were looters and grafters, made a pretty penny out of the sale and destruction of the ancient regalia, some of which had come down from the days of Edward the Confessor. New regalia had to be made at great expense for the Coronation of Charles II. Some years later a desperado named Sam Blood, following precisely the same methods as a modern bank-robber, except that he used horses instead of a motor car, almost succeeded in stealing the Crown, Orb and Sceptre. King Charles afterward gave Blood a pension of £500 a year. While Mr. Passingham does not say so, it is fairly obvious that Charles, always short of cash, was privy to the plot, and that the miscreant had him on the hip.

The book is replete with similarly interesting tales as well as important documentary information.

1880 TO THE PRESENT DAY

(Continued from Page 1)

calm that is rooted in a sense of social rightness. "A footman's white-gloved hand removing dishes knocked over a glass of wine. A red splash trickled onto the lady's dress. But she did not move a muscle, she went on talking. Then she straightened the clean napkin over the stain. 'That's what I like,' Martin thought. She would have blown her fingers on her nose like an applewoman if she wanted to, he thought."

... They are admirable and imperturbable, their family and class feeling is tenacious and profound. They lower their voices or change the topic in the presence of servants. They dine out, they attend the opera. They admire the lady whose distinction makes it possible for her to behave like an applewoman, they deplore Mr. Grice, the house-agent, because he says laboratory accommodation instead of bath in an attempt to appear like a gentleman. They are humiliated when they are rude to waiters—a profounder snobbery than being rude without regret. They live in their own enclosed protected world which imposes its own penalties, hurts and constraints, but has no living touch with the world outside. ... "A woman of the lower classes was wheeling a perambulator along the street." ... "Maids bothered Kitty with their demure politeness, with their inscrutable pursed-up faces. But they were useful." ... "Two children stood in the door. Eleanor glanced at their hands, at their clothes, at the shape of their ears. 'The children of the caretaker, I should think,' she said."

There is something chill and wooden about this admirable world which all Mrs. Woolf's lovely prose cannot quite quicken or warm through. It is a special curiously limited society in which the Partigers live, cut off by tradition, self-sufficiency, and a sense of breeding from the greater part of the human race. It is true that Mrs. Woolf has not set out to describe the Partiger family in terms of the familiar English saga—her approach is more complex, her method infinitely more subjective. The society and the family are not her first concern but the individuals themselves, shaped by the family and society. But while her method and approach are infinitely more supple and alive than her material, the characters and the society still impose themselves with all the weight of their tradition, their punctiliousness and prejudices. In the end one feels that while this has never been done before quite so sensitively and analytically, still it has all been done before. The rushing stream of broken dreams, nursery rhymes, street cries, half-finished sentences and sights, elm trees, willow trees are all printed on the lives of these people; who still present, more familiarly, the white shirt-fronts and polite formalities of the well-bred arriving punctually at the appointed time.

AMERICANA

(Continued from Page 74)

little salty humor. Its historical material is reliable, and it gives an unforgettable picture of a narrow community in the grip of an overpowering emotion. Miss Winwar is not altogether explicit as to the motives of the first accusers of witchcraft, but seems to imply that they were raising the alarm to divert attention from their own unshadowed rites, brought to Salem by a West Indian negress.

The other book is a story of the first settlers across the Mississippi in what was to become the state of Iowa. "Buckskin Breeches" is a story of pioneering, of Indians, and covered wagons, and oxteams and virgin soil. It narrates the adventures of Jesse Ellison and his four children and his gentle wife, brought a bride from Cincinnati to the then pioneer territory of western Ohio. But Meremville grew up, and the children were getting into bad company and his wife was restless, and so Jesse Ellison decided to go three days beyond the farthest settlement across the Mississippi. How he and his family made the perilous journey, and how they settled and built their homestead, and how they held it against the government-encouraged land-grabbers, is the surface of the book, and a very vivid and absorbing tale it is. There is a deeper subsidiary story, that of the effect of pioneering conditions on the various members of the family, and the taming and canalizing of the pioneering spirit as it settles down to home-raising and

the problems of the organizing of a new community. The skill of the book is in the blending of these two elements, the story of romantic adventure, and the study of the effect on character of the new frontier life. It is really excellently done from start to finish. Old Eli is a real creation, and the fraternizing of Hi Ellison with Belly and Big Mouth, of the Sank Indians, is a sheer delight, particularly the episode of the accidental learning of the new word. This book is full of good things. There are a dozen characters whose conversation is full-flavored and zestful and memorable. At times, something of the mystical force of "Growth of the Soil" seems to make itself felt, and something of the simple wholeness of "Maria Chapdelaine." Anecdote, incident, jest and drama crowd its pages. This is a book to be read.

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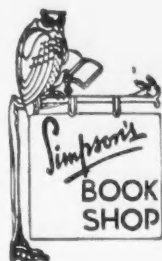
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"Yeah? Whazza time?"

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"Well, thank goodness it's not me this time!"—*Montreal Star*

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"Men of Mathematics," by Dr. Eric T. Bell (Simon & Schuster). The lives and achievements of the great mathematicians from Zeno to Poincaré.

"Edgar Allen Poe," by Edward Shanks (Macmillan). A new critical biography of the great American poet and story-teller.

"As I was Going Down Sackville Street," by Oliver St. John Gogarty. (Reynald & Hitchcock). The artful reminiscences of an Irish poet and intimate of Yeats, Joyce, AE, etc.

"Midnight on the Desert," by J. B. Priestley (Macmillan). Impressions of America, with philosophical excursions.

"Portraits from Life," by Ford Madox Ford (Houghton Mifflin). Mr. Ford looks at famous writers.

"The Cruise of the Conrad," by Alan Villiers (Scribner). 60,000 miles under sail, by the author of "Grain Race."

"Spanish Prelude," by Jenny Ballou (Thomas Allen). Spain on the eve of revolution.

"Economics in Outline," by Arthur Birnie (Nelson). A handbook of modern economics.

"The Far East in World Politics," by G. F. Hudson (Oxford). A short historical introduction to the present international situation.

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"Milton and Wordsworth: Poets and Prophets," by Sir Herbert J. C. Grierson (Cambridge University Press). A study of these poets' reactions to political events.

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"Together and Apart," by Margaret Kennedy (Random House). A study of maladjustment in marriage.

"A Lamp on the Plains," by Paul Horgan (Harper). Local color in New Mexico.

"Army Without Banners," by Ernie O'Malley (Houghton Mifflin). Ireland's war for freedom.

"Twilight of a World," by Franz Werfel (Viking). The gracious and pathetic golden days of the decline of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

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PHILIP CHILD

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"The Turbulent Pendrayles," by Tobias Wagner (McClelland & Stewart). A story of modern Philadelphia aristocracy.

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"Action for Slander," by Mary Borden (Mussion). A novel by the author of "A Woman With White Eyes."

"Deep Summer," by Gwen Bristow (Oxford). A romance of early Louisiana.

"New Wine at Cock-Crow," by G. U. Ellis (McClelland & Stewart). A love story by the author of "There Goes the Queen."

"Mine is the Kingdom," by Jane Oliver (Collins). Scotland in the 16th Century.

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WHERE FROM HERE?

(Continued from Page 1)

it makes it according to the orders of its owners.

Perhaps the best part of the book is the criticism of the pacifists, who naturally annoy the Communists by having such similar objectives and employing such dissimilar means. "The constructive pacifists do make a religion of peace," and it is bad to make a religion of any worldly object. (This is an extremely sound criticism.) "Humanity is the people of the world; let us remember that and treat human beings as human beings. That will be achievement enough: do not let us start making gods of human beings, or peace or war, or love, or anything else that concerns them." The author of "Eyeless in Gaza" fares rather badly under this searching criticism; but it is only the constructive part of Mr. Aldous Huxley's latest thinking—the part which his admirers have most rapturously acclaimed—and his Yogi methods of pursuing his object, that fall under Mr. Spender's ban. In his detestation of all the generally current philosophies and attitudes towards life of our era, Mr. Huxley is completely at one with Mr. Spender—and so far we find ourselves in considerable agreement with both of them.

WE CANNOT refrain from appending, as a footnote to Mr. Spender's argument, a passage from André Gide's "Retour de l'U.S.S.R." (our own translation). Gide has been telling an anecdote of the chilly reception of Beethoven's early compositions.

"X— agreed with me that in the U.S.S.R. a Beethoven would have had a good deal of difficulty in recovering from such a failure. 'You see,' he continued, 'an artist, with us, must above all things be "in the line". Otherwise the highest artistic gifts will merely be considered as so much "formalism." Yes, that is the word that we have invented to designate everything which we do not wish to see or hear. We want to create a new art, worthy of so great a people as we are. Art today must be popular or nothing.'

"You will compel all your artists to conformity," I said to him, "and the best of them, those who will not consent to debase their art or even to enslave it, you will reduce them to silence. As for the culture that you claim to serve, to honor and to defend, you will merely disgrace it." "Thereupon he protested that my reasoning was pure bourgeois; that for his part he was perfectly convinced that Marxism, which in so many other domains had already produced such great accomplishments, would also be able to produce works of art. The thing which kept those works from coming forth, he added, was the importance which was still attached to the products of a pre-revolutionary past.

"He spoke more and more loudly; he seemed to be delivering a lecture or reciting a lesson. All this took place in the hall of the hotel at Sochi. I left him without reply. A few moments later he came to look

for me in my room and said, this time in a low voice: 'Oh, hang it, I know well enough . . . but they were listening to us just now and . . . my exhibition is opening soon.'

"X— is a painter and was about to show the public his latest canvasses."

SOUND AND FURY

(Continued from Page 5)

din, Goya, Hogarth, Gainsborough and Constable, is populated by splendid or ignoble failures. Of those mentioned by Mr. Gaunt, only Delacroix attained to real greatness.

True, the author includes Claude, who was very great, but in so doing he distorts the meaning which, throughout most of the book, he gives to Romanticism. A term which includes such diverse men as Caravaggio, a theatrical realist, Claude (who could equally be claimed as classical), Hubert Robert of the ruins, and Richard Wilson, is indeed wide. Still if Romanticism connotes escapism, Mr. Gaunt is justified, though this leads him to imply that both Cézanne and van Gogh were romantics, which is surely wide of the mark. Caravaggio and Claude are both escapists; but they were escaping from opposites, which hardly justifies their being grouped together.

But Mr. Gaunt tells in brief, vivid prose the tale of these struggling *âmes damnées*, whose discontent, because it was so rarely divine, prevented them from creating truly great work. Starting their careers in an atmosphere of decay, they were outlaws to the Age of Reason, and flowered again in a world eager to savor the malady of Werther and Byron. From the *bottega* "bosses"—racketeers who mixed dirt with their rivals' colors and ruined their frescoes with acid, through Salvator Rosa's bandits and Magnasco's tortured monks, Guardi's foetid lagoons and the painters of ruins, to the despair of Géricault and the turbulence of Delacroix—"a leopard in clothes of the most correct cut"—they ran their course. A glare illumines their work, but it is less the lightening of creative genius than the miasmal flicker of decay.

Mr. Gaunt has written a book which, in this age of disintegration, holds a moral not only for Surrealists, but for our own romantics. The illustrations are admirably chosen.

NEVER AGAIN

(Continued from Page 3)

version to barbarism." . . . "On the way we try to enter a neglected looking Church, but the doors, as always, are padlocked. . . I don't think the Russians are telling the truth when they say that some churches are still kept open as churches and that people can go to them if they want to. . ."

Moving always in Groups—everyone is part of a Group in Russia, even tourists have no individuality that Russia can suppress—Miss Delafield saw the Museums of the Revolution, formerly Czarist palaces, the touching little Alexandra Palace from which the Imperial family were taken to their death at Ekaterinberg and which is kept exactly as they left it, even to the Czarina's thimble beside her sewing and a portrait of the Czar on her dressing table signed "Nicky", Bakeries, Crèches, Workers' houses, Collective farms, Factories and Theatres. At least she saw as much of each as Russia cares to show visitors. Naturally, she explains, foreigners are taken to the show places. Some day they may all be like these best, but at present they are not. But if only the Russians would admit it!

It was when she broke away from the group and wangled her way onto a farm that Comrade Dashwood really got her inside information. She stayed for several weeks and found the people extremely kind and even moderately happy. But the life was so closely related to barbarism in its lack of privacy, comfort, beauty, or any joy, the English Comrade looks back on it already with amazement.

"If you visited some of these places in other countries you would compare them with your own. It would be very interesting," said the visitor in a last desperate attempt to get something through to her Guide.

"No," says the Comrade, employing the simple form of flat contradiction favored by so many of the Comrades, "It would not be inter-

esting. We know that our way is better."

Miss Delafield longed to tell her the story of the two Army Chaplains, of whom the Church of England padre said to his Roman Catholic colleague: "After all, you and I are both serving the same God," and met with the reply, "Yes, indeed. You in your way, and I in His."

It seems very probable that if she were to try to visit the Soviet again in the near future, Miss Delafield would find herself turned back at the frontier. And that, I am convinced, would be quite all right with Comrade Dashwood.

An English tourist was on his first visit to Niagara Falls, and the guide was trying to impress him with its magnificence.

"Grand," suggested the guide.

The visitor did not seem much impressed.

"Millions of gallons a minute," explained the guide.

"How many in a day?" asked the tourist.

"Oh, billions and billions," answered the guide.

The visitor looked across, and down and up, as if gaging the flow. Then

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MUSSON

he turned away with a shrug, apparently unaffected.

"Runs all night, too, I suppose," he remarked.—Wall Street Journal.

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ANNALS OF THE WEST

"Under Western Skies," by Arthur S. Morton. 232 pages, illustrations and maps. Nelson, \$2.00.

BY W. S. WALLACE

PROFESSOR Morton explains, with unusual and commendable candour, that the contents of this volume first appeared as a series of articles in the Saskatoon "Star-Phoenix"; and all one can say by way of comment is that if the contents of this book are a fair sample of the literary diet offered to its readers by the "Star-Phoenix", that newspaper must be indeed a remarkable and admirable journal. What Professor Morton has done here is to shed abroad the light that the latest research (made possible in part by the opening to students of the Hudson's Bay Company's archives in London) has thrown on the early history of the Canadian West. He has himself spent many months delving among the priceless records in Hudson's Bay House, and his book is an appetizing foretaste of the history of the Canadian West on which he is, it is understood, engaged.

The possibilities of this story have not yet been fully realized even by Canadians. One is tempted to speculate on what would have been the result if Francis Parkman, for example, had had access to the records in Hudson's Bay House; and one looks forward to the day when some Canadian counterpart of Robert Louis Stevenson will tell the story of those Scottish fur-traders who were the backbone of both the Hudson's Bay and North West Companies. I sometimes think that the material lies here for "the great Canadian novel."

There are only two criticisms of Professor Morton's book that occur. The first is a regret that he has not thought fit to include in his narrative references to the work done by other students of the field he covers—references which might lead readers into the recent literature relating to the fur trade in the Canadian West. He mentions David Thompson's "Narrative" without at the same time giving credit to its editor, Dr. J. B. Tyrrell, for his work in putting David Thompson on the map (if one may use such an expression about a great map-maker), and he discourses on Peter Pond without any reference to Professor H. A. Innis's important monograph on that extraordinary person. If he had only referred to the work of these and other scholars in bibliographical notes at the end of each chapter, he would at least have provided interested readers with guides to further reading.

The only other complaint one has to make is that Professor Morton rides his hobbies a little too hard. He has a great admiration for Duncan McGillivray, the younger brother of William McGillivray, the chief director of the North West Company; and he attempts to exalt McGillivray at the expense of David Thompson. He makes the categorical statement that in 1801 McGillivray "crossed the Rockies into the valley of the Columbia river," though all the available evidence goes to show, as Dr. J. B. Tyrrell has demonstrated in the "Canadian Historical Review" for March, 1937, that McGillivray could not possibly have done this, since he apparently went down to Grand Portage in this year. He also accuses David Thompson of lacking "the qualities of aggressiveness and rugged courage." All one can say about this is—in the language of the Northwesters—Holy Mackinaw!

PIONEER FEMINIST

(Continued from Page 2)

sion that there is no absolute division of feminine and masculine emotional and mental attributes corresponding to the female and the male in sex. From this we take another step, still tentative, that much of our tragic inner conflict and our outer lack of order comes from the inevitable struggle for balance in our masculine and feminine elements. This is particularly true in the modern woman. From this point of view the biography of Mary Wollstonecraft is very important. She was, so far as we know, the first modern woman. Love pre-

cipitated in her the struggle for supremacy between the masculine and feminine content in her. She was tragic in her struggle because she was taken unaware of her femininity. She had thought herself able to conduct herself as a man, having a brain and courage and the power even in those days to make for herself a good deal of money. She was still more tragic in that the man she loved was, probably, if we really knew his side of the story, not able to help her in her struggle, for he could not possibly have known what it was all about.

Mr. Preedy's book is the first of the Wollstonecraft biographies to deal at length with the feminist leader as a woman of inner conflict. The earlier studies, written by the avowed feminists, brushed lightly over the infatuation for Imlay and stressed the cause and the sympathizer she found in her husband William Godwin. So, this material will come freshly to the lay reader to whom it can be recommended as fine work not

too arduously written for historical purposes and at the same time taking no liberties with actual historical data.

COUNTRY OF NEXT YEARS

(Continued from Page 2)

up life are in these same honest pages, and hell itself is never turned to prettiness for the squeamish reader's sake.

Kathleen is a matchless reporter, and the news-world lost an indispensable sister when she turned agriculturist; she makes you see the lonely flag-station, the makeshift farmhouse, seeding, ploughing, the idiosyncrasies of hired men, curiously noble figures of ancient and modern pioneers, the terrific onslaught and ruin of hail and dust storms, Alberta square-dances, picnics, the hours of endless labor with all that the Strangers tried in the way of experimental farming (seed wheat, soft-green grass, chick-raising, pig-

breeding), seed-kernel sorting and polishing, hours of toil for the Canadian Seed Growers' Association (finally rewarded), the boom days of 1920-28, the Calgary Stampede, and most indelibly of all, the beginnings and the end of life as she saw and knew them. Anecdote is piled on anecdote, character follows character, each drawn briefly and graphically, her children, her husband, her relatives and neighbors, the folk she visited back in England in 1926, and the contrasts in English and Canadian life.

The book atones in gusto for what it lacks in selectivity. It is a vital pell-mell record of ten years of furious, emotionally-rousing toil. Now that she has created a splendid subjective record aglow with life, she may if she is wise, settle back in Winnipeg, select her events carefully, plan an objective novel, read, let us say, the leisurely-paced un-hasting art of Willa Cather, and create a book as "great" as the present one is good.



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